





## SPORT NOTES

WEST WHEAT ACREAGE  
WHEAT / BROWN DECLINE

WINNIPEG, April 25.—Wheat shows an increase of 1,000,000 acres, or 7.5 per cent over last year. A decrease in new breaking in three provinces and in fall plowing in Alberta is more than offset by a large amount of summer-fallowing and fall plowing in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and in summer-fallowing in Alberta.

Although difficult to estimate so early in the year, J. M. McKee, superintendent of the department, states at the present time that the necessary increase in

course grains to replace the exhausted food supplies for a growing livestock market.

Total acreage for the 1933 crop shows an increase of 1,000,000 acres, or 7.5 per cent over last year. A decrease in new breaking in three provinces and in fall plowing in Alberta is more than offset by a large amount of summer-fallowing and fall plowing in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and in summer-fallowing in Alberta.

Soviet Russia includes 100 distinct nationalities and cultures.

LET  
by B. B. BASSANO

**THIRD INSTANT**

At twenty-two, the only thing Diana really wanted was a woman's husband. A nervous wreck by the excitement and strain of London's gay life she is taken by her sons, Mrs. Gladwyn, to a famous specialist's office. The physician orders her to the country for a rest, but she is not the least bit hand-some and sympathetic, she hears that he is not the great man himself but an assistant, Dr. Rathbone, but when they are surprised by the unexpected return of Mrs. Waterman.

Now go on with the story.

She flung her hat carelessly down on the couch, smoothing her glossy hair carefully.

"Are you two going somewhere?" she asked. "Because if you are not, mind me, I shall have heaps to do—there's a pile of letters waiting for me in the hall."

Dennis gave her a cigarette and lit it for her.

"As a matter of fact we were going out to join some people at the Savoy," he said, carefully avoiding her eyes.

"But as you are here, I am here you are quite prepared to do the polite thing and stay at home, is that it? My dear boy, don't be absurd. I should hate to disappoint Diana, though I must say she looks more as if she ought to be in bed than sitting up till early hours."

Diana rolled herself with an effort the hot color running to her face. "I'm quite well. A little tired, perhaps, but it doesn't mean I can't leave you directly you come and get the glass down on the table."

"Oughtn't you two to be going—or isn't it a clock yet?" she asked. "Diana stood up."

"I really don't care a bit about the clock," she said, "but let us call it off, Dennis, shall we?"

But Linda would not hear of such a thing.

"Of course you must go. I insist. You make my story I came home. Dennis, insist that she goes."

Dennis shrugged his shoulders.

"It's for you to say, my dear. You know if you want me to stay."

"But I don't want you to stay, Diana, go to my room and put some color in your cheeks, to look like a ghost. I just want to talk to Dennis for a moment."

Diana hesitated. She was hating the woman for her friendliness and self-control; hating her unreasonably, no doubt, and yet she had never known how to bear herself so far from the moment Dennis went to go to kiss his wife.

"I really don't care if we go or not," she said, "but let us call it off, Dennis, shall we?"

"Run away," Linda said. Sheathed her playfully up to the door, casting it after her. "Then she turned to her husband."

"What's the matter with that child?" she asked. "Dennis raised his brows. "What do you mean?"

"Doesn't look as fit as you do, certainly, but then she's got the more too much. You can't keep her still, she's a mass of nerves. I don't like her. And is that your fault?"

his wife asked quietly.

"My fault? My dear Linda—what on earth do you mean?"

"Don't let's pretend, Dennis. You know quite well what I mean. You have been making love to her for months. I'm not blaming you any more than I am her—any woman is a fool who lets a married man make love to her; but I'm sorry for her because she's not as experienced as you are. It's not playing fair. I suppose she wants you to marry her, is that it?"

"Well, that is beyond a joke. I suppose you're annoyed because I brought her here to dinner. Perhaps that was stupid of me, but—she came a step forward, her bright eyes meeting his very directly."

"If you want me to divorce you, Dennis, I will," she said.

There was a moment of absolute silence; then she went on, still in the same unemotional way.

"I think I've grown a little tired of this sort of life. We're neither married nor unmarried, and after all, I'm still young and there are other men in the world."

"Other men you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean. I'm making you a fair offer. If you want to marry Diana I am willing to divorce you. You'd better think of it before you refuse."

"Because I may never be so good again."

Dennis stifled an oath. He looked indignant and angry as he went out of the room.

Linda laughed and turned with a smile as Diana returned. She had colored her lips and her cheeks, and she looked less tired, but there was a little doubt about her eyes as she came towards Linda.

"You look terrible," she said, rather unkindly.

Linda went with her to the door. "Don't keep her out too late, Dennis," she said lightly. "And I hope she's not too tired to go."

"Dr. Rathbone isn't a specialist," was Diana's first remark that showed any return of her old spirit.

"Dr. Rathbone," Miss Stirling retorted calmly, "is a very wonderful man; he has saved my life, whatever you may think of him."

"I don't think of him at all," Diana retorted peevishly, and turned her face against the night, closing her eyes.

Miss Stirling sat at the window, knitting by the light which shone through the half-closed curtains; she did not really need any light at all, seeing that she always knitted mechanically, with hardly a downward glance.

The needles made an irritating little clicking noise.

Diana flung the clothes back restlessly.

"Can't I get up?"

"Not till Dr. Rathbone says you may."

"He won't say it for ages."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to stay in bed."

Petulant tears filled Diana's eyes; she stopped, and Miss Stirling rose. "I think we might have the blind up a little," the creature said. "It's such a wonderful evening."

The blind was raised a little higher, and Diana caught a glimpse of wavy trees and a patch of blue sky through lacy boughs.

"Where is this place?" she asked suddenly.

"Surely—about a mile outside a little village called Chichester. Diana made a little grimace.

"Dr. Rathbone has a house not far away," Miss Stirling said presently.

"Oh!" Diana was wearily twisting the soft strands of her hair over her shoulder. "Is that why I'm here?" she asked. "So that it will be easy for him to come and see me?"

(to be continued)

"Well," he said very gently, as if he was speaking to a child. Diana smiled up, contentedly.

"You've got your own way," she whispered.

He laughed at that.

"I naturally do in the long run," he said.

It was warlike work trying to get well more warlike when at last Diana felt the first tug of returning health and the consequent revolt against enforced inaction.

Everyone was so triflingly optimistic. No matter how much Diana asked or how low she tried to be, she was met with the same determined kindness and good temper from the woman who, she soon discovered, was a trained nurse and in charge of her.

This creature, as Diana soon called her to herself, was forthright, with gray hair and the peaceful expression of one who has gone through so many turbulent waves that life no longer frightens her. Her proper name was Miss Stirling; name which Diana thought most suitable, seeing that she was eternally chattering things of good hope and wonderful days to come. Diana also discovered that once upon a time she had been a nurse in a London hospital, but that she had driven it in order to retire into the country and take in difficult cases for specialists.

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(to be continued)

## Louis Conn's GROCERY SPECIALS

## SPECIALS FOR WEEK END AND MONDAY, April 30 and May 2

PRUNES—Green Plums brand ..... 5 lb. box 48c  
PEACHES OR APRICOTS—bulk, fresh in ..... per box 25c  
DRIED APPLES—bulk, fresh in ..... per lb. 14c  
PEARS, CORN or TOMATOES—the last at this price, 7 tins for 90c  
SOAP—P. & G. ..... per cake 32c  
LUX, CALA, or PALMOLIVE Soap—3 bars 25c  
CANNED PEACHES, PEARS, or ..... per tin 21c  
"FRESHIES" ..... per tin 21c  
BOLLER OATS—premium ..... per pkc. 32c  
CORN FLAKES— ..... per pkc. 32c  
SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR—the last at this price, 9c  
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